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ORATION  
OF  
CICERO  
FOR  
M. Marcellus.

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Done into English.

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With an  
APPENDIX  
Relating to the  
Prince of Orange.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Walter Kettilby*, at the *Bishop's-head*  
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1689.

THE  
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OF  
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LONDON:  
Printed for Wm. Stansfeld, in the Strand,  
in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1789.

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**T**HIS day has put an end, O ye  
Senators, to the long silence I kept  
during our late troubles, a silence  
which no apprehension of danger,  
but partly the heaviness of my grief, and part-  
ly respects of modesty did oblige me to ; and  
B it

it has at once given me opportunity of expressing my desires and thoughts with the same freedom I was heretofore wont to deliver them in this Audience. For so great an instance of Gentleness, such a rare and unheard of Clemency, that admirable Temper, as to all points in conjunction with supreme Power, and then so incredible besides, and almost divine Wisdom, are things too extraordinary to be overlook'd, and to pass away without any noise or notice. For *M. Marcellus* being thus honourably returned to you, and to the Commonwealth, I make full account, that not his onely, but my voice, and authority also restored unto both; for I could not chuse but grieve, and be extremely troubled, when I saw that a person of his merit, who had embarked with me in the same interest, did not share alike with me in the same fortune; neither could I persuade my self to appear in publick, nor did it seem reasonable or gracefull, that I alone should carry on our old employment, when he, who had set me as a pattern for imitation, he the most ingenious, and withall the most affectionate rival of my  
Studies



Studies and Practice, whom I always looked upon as a partner and companion therein, was now forcibly torn, and divorced from me. You therefore, O *Cæsar*, by clearing the passage to his return, have opened my way too, and both invited me to resume the former course of my life, and given all here a very signal encouragement to hope and believe well of the Commonwealth in general. For my part, I did plainly perceive from your dealing with several persons, and more sensibly in my own case, but now of late all men are satisfied thereof, since you released *Marcellus* at our common instance, to the Senate, People, and State of *Rome*; especially after mention of divers things he had said and done, which did highly disoblige and offend you; upon this the whole World was convinced that you prefer the Authority of this House, and the publick Dignity, before any resentments or suspicions of your own. He indeed, as well by the unanimous accord of the whole Senate, as by your most weighty and most valuable Sentence, has to day received the highest recompence of all his life past; from which doubtless you understand

#### 4      *The Oration of Cicero*

how greatly commendable this Action is in you, when the vouchsafement does prove so glorious to him; and certainly he may now pass for a happy man, whose particular safety has conveyed to every one a content and pleasure, little inferiour to that which he himself will receive from it: A felicity this to which he had the clearest right, that deservedly befell him; and with good reason; for who can pretend to surpass and out-vie him, either as to the nobleness of his Blood, the probity of his Mind, or the study of excellent Arts, or the innocence of his Carriage, or in any kind of worth and commendation whatsoever: There is no man living hath such a fluency of Wit, no body is master of that forcible and copious Eloquence, as may enable him, O *Cæsar*, either by his Tongue or Pen, I will not say, to adorn and set off, but so much as to enumerate and recount your marvellous atchievements; yet this I maintain, and hope I may say it without offence, that none of them has gotten you a greater reputation, than that which is the purchase of this day. It is a thing very often in my thoughts, and which I make the usual

usual matter of my discourse, that all the famous exploits of our own Generals, all the bravest actions of foreign Nations, and the most potent States, all those memorable deeds of the most renowned Monarchs, are not able to bear the least comparison with yours; And that, either as to the sharpness of the Conflicts, or the number of the Battels, or the variety of Climates, or the quickness of Dispatch, or the different nature of the Wars themselves: Nor indeed could any one travel through the most distant Countries with the same speed that you have run them over, I will not say by your swift Marches, but your nimble Victories. I should be little better than distracted not to own such performances as these to be so vast and vigorous, that scarce any man can reach them with the motions of his Mind, or the flights of Fancy: And yet there are other things still which in my opinion do far exceed them; for many make it their business to abate and lessen the repute which is got in War; they will detract from a Captain and divide parr of his praise among common Soldiers, that Commanders alone may not appropriate the honour

honour of great services ; nor can it be denied that the valour of Soldiers, the advantages of Place, the assistance of Allies, that Navies, Provisions, and the like, are of huge importance in all military affairs ; beside that Fortune does step in here also for the largest share, which she challenges as a due , and whatsoever is attended with good success, she reckons that in a manner to be all her own : But this glory, O *Cæsar*, you have so lately acquired , does admit none to a partnership with you, the summe total of that, (how much soever it amounts to ) which certainly must be very great, the whole of it, I say, is entirely yours ; no Captain or Collonel, neither Infantry or Cavalry , can bring any title to that praise, or enter into the merits it is founded on ; nay, even Fortune her self, that Lady Governess of humane things, has not the confidence to offer at a claim and interest in this glory ; she acknowledges the clearness of the case, and gives up all to you, without the least intrenchment on so visible a right, and your peculiar property.

And it must of necessity be thus here, since there

there can be no mixture or fellowship, between rashness and prudence, nor is chance and hap-hazard ever let into the Debates of Council.

You have subdued Nations, it is true, barbarous as to cruelty, innumerable for multitude, and infinitely distant in places, abounding too with stores and provisions of all sorts; but after all is said, you then overcame things that were superable by Nature, whose very state and constitution rendred them obnoxious to conquest; for there is no such Power in the world, nor any Forces so great, as that none may be able to defeat and ruine them by Arms and Puissance.

But now for any one to master his own mind, to restrain his passion, to moderate his victory, not onely to raise up a noble, a witty a valiant adversary from his low estate, but also to enlarge and heighten his former dignity; he that acts after this unusal and heroick rate, is a person I forbear to rank among the worthiest Men, but resemble him rather to God himself.

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The Fame then of your martial Exploits shall become a theme of Panegyrick, not for us *Romans* alone, but they shall employ the Orators and Historians of almost all Nations, and pass down with celebration and applause to every Age of the World. And yet for all the terrible noise that such adventures make, I know not how it happens, that when people read or rehearse them to each other, they seem to be drowned, as it were, with the shout of soldiers and the sound of trumpets. But when we read or hear of a transaction that was managed with clemency, with mildness, with justice, with great temper and discretion, especially under provocation, which can hardly brook any sober counsel, and in the midst of victory beside, that is naturally insolent and of a haughty carriage; the business then does so mightily warm and affect us, not onely in a real case, but when the story is romantick, that very oft we conceive an inclination for those whom we never saw: But as for you, O *Cæsar*, seeing we behold your person, and enjoy your presence among us, when your mind and meaning is no less visible

visible than your aspect, since you have given us so many demonstrations of your care and pleasure to preserve whatever the fortune of War has left standing in the Common-wealth, what acclamations and praises, what affectionate regards, and what testimonies of kindness do you deserve from us? It is my opinion, and I speak it with great seriousness, that the very walls of this venerable Court are desirous also to offer you their acknowledgments, foreseeing as it were that the whole Senate will in a little time, recover its ancient authority, and use it shortly here, with a freedom due unto the place, and worthy of those Benches where they now sit. I must needs confess, when I beheld the tears which *C. Marcellus*, an excellent person, and strangely fond of his brother *Marcus*, shed lately before you, that a remembrance of all the *Marcelli* did then come into my mind, and touch me to the quick; to whom you, O *Cæsar*, have restored their dignity after death by preserving *Marcus*, and rescu'd a noble family (reduc'd now to a small number) from decay and ruine. You ought therefore to value your self more, and set a higher esteem upon the sole



honour of this concession, than of all the loud and numerous Gratulations that were ever made you ; for this is the proper action and the personal merit of *Cæsar* onely : Other things were atchiev'd under your conduct and direction ; great services indeed those, but in which you were attended with much company, and a mighty train of followers ; whereas nothing of that appears here, you being your own Leader at once , and retinue also, a guide and companion to your self alone. The thing then I am speaking of, is herein hugely considerable, and has this eminent advantage, that, when the Trophies and Monuments erected by you shall decline, and hasten to a period, ( for there is no workmanship of Art, or effect of Industry, which old age does not impair by degrees, and finally demolish ) this justice and lenity of yours shall have a quite contrary fortune, and the more it grows in years, become still the more fresh and flourishing ; so that how much soever any length of time may detract from the stateliness of your Fabricks, shall certainly be added to the height of your Commendation. As for all others that happen'd to be  
victori-

victorious in Civil Wars, you had formerly out-done them in equity and mercy, and this day was reserv'd for the nobler Conquest of your self.

I am affraid my Auditours may not so clearly and rightly apprehend what I am going to deliver, as I conceive it in my own thoughts; now the thing I would express is this, That you seem to have vanquish'd and worsted even Victory it self, since you discharge the obnoxious, and refuse to exact those forfeitures, which a Conquerour might fairly pretend to; for when we of the adverse party were but so many dead men according to the Laws of Conquest, you have preserved us all by the judgment of your clemency, So that you alone may be well termed invincible, who have brought into subjection the very state and power of Victory. Now inasmuch as *Cæsar* has been pleas'd to pass such a sentence in our favour, let me request the Senate to consider, what is the natural consequence thereof, and how far it does extend; for as many of us as were driven to take up Arms through I know not what wretched and lamentable fate of the Common-wealth, though

guilty perhaps of some humane failings, are acquitted thereby from all imputation of wickedness; for when, upon your intercession he condescended to spare and release *Marcellus*, he did at the same time restore me to my self, and to the *Roman State*, and many other honourable persons to themselves and their native soil, without the least entreaty, who now make their appearance in great numbers, and with much splendour at this Assembly. We must not imagine he has brought any into the Senate, whom he looks upon as Enemies, but he rightly supposes, that ignorance and misprision, a false and groundless fear, rather than passion and cruelty, did engage most of them to enter into a Civil War; during the course of which, it was ever my opinion, that we should all hearken to overtures of Peace; and I was always troubled to observe, that not onely Peace it self, but even the Discourses of those who did propose and demand it, were still rejected by us; for I never did promote or approve these intestine Discords, nor indeed any domestick Broils or Contests whatsoever: my Counsels, it is well known, did encline to quietness, and fi-  
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ded constantly with the Gown, but were no friends to the ratling of Arms and the rage of Battels. I went over to *Pompey*, 'tis true, but I was drawn into his Camp rather on a private score of my own particular engagements, than any just consideration of the publick interest; when the pure sentiments of gratitude and an honest remembrance of past kindness had such a prevalence over me, that not onely without any eagerness of desire, but so much as the least hope of advantage or success, I did, as it were, wittingly and knowingly precipitate my self into a wilfull overthrow. Which aim and intention of mine was not made a secret; for I had often and earnestly spoke here, and that before ever the War broke out, touching the means of accommodation; and, after things came to extremity, I continued firm in the same mind, though with the manifest hazard of my life by it. So that no body sure can be so much swayed by prejudice in his estimate of matters, as once to question what was *Cæsar's* inclination and desire in reference to the War, when he presently declared himself in favour of such as had made it their business

business to compose things; but gave marks of his displeasure against all those who had pushed them on to a final rupture: which proceeding of his would then perhaps have been less wondrous at, while the event was uncertain, and the chance of War appeared yet to be loose and dubious; but he that, having gotten the Victory, shews a real kindness for the known Authours of peace, does, methinks, sufficiently evidence he had rather not have fought than overcome by fighting. And I must doe *Marcellus* that justice to testify thus much on his behalf, (for as our opinion did not differ in the time of Peace, so there was the same agreement between us while the War lasted,) How often, alas! and with what disorder of mind! have I seen him both detest the insolence of certain men, yea and even dread, on that side, the fierce and ungovernable spirit of victory it self: so that we, O *Cæsar*, who have had experience of a quite contrary temper, must needs be the more taken with this your generous and noble usage; for now I shall compare, not the causes themselves, but the respective victories: as for yours, we have seen it ended  
with

with the decision of the Battel; this City has not been terrified so much as with the sight of a naked Sword; how many soever of our friends and relations are now missing, their loss must be imputed to the stress and havock of War alone, not to any heat and outrage of victory; So that there is no question to be made, but than *Cæsar*, if possible, would raise up many a *Pompeian* from his grave, seeing he saves every one he can of the remaining Army. As for the other Party, I shall say no more then what we were all apprehensive of, that their Conquest would in all likelihood have proved over sharp and violent; for some of them have been heard to threaten, not onely their armed adversaries, and the active sticklers against them, but even all the quiet and peaceable sort, because they sate still without entring into their quarrel; and it was given out as a Maxim with these, that no consideration should be had how any man stood affected, but how he did dispose of his person in that conjuncture. So that notwithstanding the immortal powers may have raised this desperate and bloody War, as a punishment of our crimes,

crimes, yet being either appeased now, or even glutted at length with the *Roman* sufferings, they seem to have cast the entire hope of our safety, upon the Wisdom and Clemency of such a Conquerour.

Rejoice therefore, O *Cæsar*, in that excellent and happy disposition of yours, and, together with the fortune, and the glory which wait upon you, enjoy also the benignity of your nature, and the sweetness of your deportment, which bring in the greatest gain, and afford the most exquisite pleasure to a wise man. Upon a survey and remembrance of all your other Atchievements, though frequently your Valour may deserve the thanks, yet for the most part they will appear due to your great Felicity: But as often as you think of us, whom you were pleased to indemnify and retain with you in the Commonwealth, so often shall you think of your own incomparable benefits; then that the Ideas and results of a Godlike bounty and sublime wisdom occur to you; which I not onely reckon to be things of a sovereign excellence, but shall venture to affirm, that  
nothing



nothing is good beside, or in comparison with them. For there is that lustre and shining in deserved Praise, such a State and Majesty does flow from true Greatness of Mind, and a sage Conduct, that these seem to be freely given us by Vertue, but other things to be onely borrowed of Fortune. Let me exhort you then never to be tir'd out in your care and protection of good men, and such especially as have been subject to slips and deviations, not through any perverse or impetuous humour, but from an opinion of duty (which peradventure might have weakness in it, but certainly no malice) and by some little specious appearance of State-interest: For how could you help it, if some undiscerning and mistrustfull people were affraid of you; but then on the contrary it makes very much for your honour to have convinc'd them since, that their fears and jealousies were without reason.

I proceed now to that grievous Complaint and heavy Suspicion of yours; to satisfie and clear which, you cannot but be more nearly concern'd your self, than all the Citizens of

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Rome,

*Rome*, and we above the rest (who stand indebted to you for our Lives) are solicitous and carefull to provide against it; and although I am not without hope that such a startling surpris may prove false and without foundation, yet I shall not use any artifice here to extenuate or disguise the matter, being well assur'd that the caution we take for you, is the common security of us all; so that if I must unavoidably run into extremes, and there be no way left to escape erring on one side or other, I had much rather, (considering the nicety and weightiness of this case) be thought excessively fearfull in my fears, than seem the least defective in a due foresight and providence. But who should this so furious Aggressor and desperate Assassin be? Is he one of your own creatures? (and yet who can possibly be more yours than such as were effectually made so, by the unexpected grant of their lives and fortunes.) Or may I suppose him to be one of that number which follow'd you to the Wars? But then it is highly incredible that any man should be so void of understanding, or fall into such a fit of distraction, as not to prefer the life of that  
General

General before his own, who had raised him to wealth and honour, and the highest dignities and preferments in the *Roman* State. would oblige him to avow such a base and unworthy

However if your friends and dependents are alike utterly incapable of such a cursed design, let us take care to prevent your Enemies from attempting (ought of the same barbarous and horrid nature;) What enemies, I beseech you? since all of that denomination have either lost their lives through their own obstinacy, or else retain and enjoy them by your grace and favour; so that either you have no enemies at all in being, or else they that survive must needs have the greatest friendship in the world for you.

But seeing there is that close shelter and safe refuge for villany in the minds of men; and they have so many ways to conceal or disguise their intentions; let us raise and heighten your suspicion at the present; for by that means we shall at once quicken your diligence and encrease our own. For is there any man living so ignorant of things? so much a stranger to our affairs? or that takes

so little thought, either about his own, or the publick safety? as not to perceive and know that his own personal security is involv'd in yours, and that the lives of us all do depend on your single preservation? When the motions of a sensible concern (which presents you continually to my mind, and that with good reason,) do work within me, I am apt onely to apprehend the usual accidents of humanity, or the uncertain issues of health, or the common frailties of nature; and it very much afflicts me to consider, that the Republick, which was made for immortality, and should last always, has no other present subsistence, but what is drawn from the breath, and lodg'd in the welfare of one mortal. But now if, beside humane casualties, and the ticklish condition of health, we are also liable to the assaults of wicked and treacherous Conspiratours, what Guardian-Angel, do we think, let him desire it never so much, shall be able to defend and secure the *Roman* Government? You, O *Caesar*, and you onely, are to raise and erect all you find ruinous, and which must of necessity have been shattered and broken by the shock  
and

and violence of the War it self; you must establish Judgment, and restore Faith, and restrain licentiousness, and propagate a new Off-spring; whatsoever is fallen in pieces, or has slipped out of its due place, must be made up, and knit firmly together by severe Laws. Amidst our late eager Animosities and warm Conflicts, and in that vehement Clashing as well of Inclinations as of Arms, there was no help for it, whoever should get the better, but that the poor shaken Republick must infallibly lose, both several ornaments of its honour, and many supports of its strength and firmness; and that the Leader of each party should doe many things himself in his Coat of Mail, which he would not have suffered when he wore a Gown. Now all these gashes and contusions do expect to be closed and cured by your hand, to which no body else can apply any healing remedy. Give me leave therefore to declare how uneasie I was to hear you come out with that, however worthy and wise, saying of yours, wherein we are told, that you had even liv'd long enough already, either with respect to the measures of Nature, or the stretch of  
Glory:

Glory: Now suppose the extent of your life to have been such, if you will needs have it so, as may suffice Nature, I shall add likewise, since it is your pleasure to say it, as may have reached the attainment, and satisfied the ends of a glorious reputation; but then (that which is the most considerable point here) it appears little to us who do yet need your assistance, and falls very short still in regard of that charitable relief, and those important services your native Countrey demands from you: Wherefore I must entreat you to lay aside all that Philosophick learning and unseasonable sageness in despising death; do not resolve to show your self brave and prudent, at our cost, and with the publick hazzard: For I am frequently informed that you too often discourse after the old strain, and to this effect, that you have lived sufficiently in reference to your self, and your own concerns: I do verily believe you speak just as you think, but I should then bear it with greater patience, did you live merely for your own sake, or if you were brought into the World for your self onely; but when the welfare and happiness



pinets of each individual *Roman*, and that of the whole Community is included and wrapt up, as it were, within the circle and compass of your Actions, you seem to be so far from the due perfection, and signal accomplishment of your mighty works; that you have not yet laid the very foundations you design. Will you then limit and measure out your life, not by the rule and standard of our common good, and a general interest, but by some plausible notions of equity; and the rare moderation of your private sentiments? Now what if all hitherto does not prove sufficient, even for your own glory? which all the wisdom you have cannot possibly extinguish the thirst of, or even force you to disown the passionate desire you have for it. But imagine, say you, I were to dye immediately, would any man think I should leave then but a slight and slender reputation behind me? For others, I grant, there would be a fair inheritance of glory, though many were to share and divide the purchase; but all that treasure of fame would be poor and incompetent for you alone; for let it be never so vast and extensive, the thing will then  
seem



seem to be little and scanty, when a larger object appears, and there is somewhat still more ample behind it. But if this, O *Cæsar*, must be the end and upshot of all you have Achieved, and we are to see no farther advantage of your immortal deeds, but that, after the defeat of your enemies, the unhappy Republick shall be left still in that torn and tottering condition, wherein we now find it, take care, I beseech you, lest that undaunted Courage and divine Vertue of yours may attract perhaps more admiration than glory: For true glory does import an illustrious and diffusive Fame arising from great and numerous obligations, conferred either upon Fellow-Citizens, or the whole Countrey where we live, or the Universal Body of Mankind.

This therefore is the last honour reserved for you, this is the remaining part you are now to act; herein you must bestir your self, and proceed vigorously to order and compose things, to fix and river the Commonwealth; and when it is settled in the first place, you may then take and enjoy your

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own ease, and repose your self in the sweetest pleasures of a deep tranquillity: after you have quitted all scores with your Countrey; and glutted Nature as it were with a long and various entertainment of Life; then, I say, you shall have our free consent to declare, if you be so minded, that you have enough of this World, and are even surfeited with living.

But to talk of any long while in describing our continuance here, is a fond and idle impropriety; for what is this very length we speak of, which has a close and period? and, when that is come, all the foregoing pleasure ought to pass for nothing, because there will be none left to succeed it. Albeit that active and spacious Soul of yours could never acquiesce or contain it self within the narrow bounds which Nature has prescribed us, but was always inflamed by the love, and big with the conceit of Immortality: Nor indeed can this deserve to be reckon'd for your life, which depends upon the body, and is kept up by a little transient breath; that, I say, is your proper subsistence, that onely, O *Cæsar*, is a life worthy of you, which shall

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flourish

flourish in the memory of all ages, which they that come after us will successively cherish and maintain, which Eternity it self will have an endless regard to, and shall support for ever.

This is it you must consecrate your labours and travels to, and to this you must evidence what a gallant person you are, how much you are able and willing to doe for its sake and service. We discern many things already in the glorious courses you pursue, which excite our wonder, but we now look for such as may deserve our commendation. It will be matter of astonishment to all future generations, when they shall reade and hear of the charges you have born, the Provinces you have subdu'd, and what has been done by you in *Germany*, in the Ocean, and in *Egypt*; the perusal and report, I say, of your Battels without number, of your Victories above belief, of all your Trophies and Triumphs, shall questionless amaze and confound posterity: but unless this imperial City shall, by your authority and contrivance, be immovably pitched upon a solid bottom, your great and formidable Name then will onely shift and wander about

about the World, but have no certain abode, nor any settled habitation. And as we our selves have been of different minds, so will there be a great dissention among those that shall be born hereafter; when some shall cry up and extoll your Atchievements to the very Skies, while others may perhaps fancy them to be very lame and imperfect, as wanting their chief complement and lustre, if you do not effectually provide, that the late blustering storms may expire at length into a calm of peace, and the settlement of your Countrey: so that the former may be thought a kind of fatal necessity, but the latter seem to proceed from design and counsel. Recommend therefore and approve your self to those Judges, that shall pronounce of your Actions a thousand years hence, and, for ought I can tell, may give a more impartial sentence than we doe at present; for their judgment will be equally void both of favour and prejudice, neither shall envy or hatred have any force to byass and corrupt them: And although this remote censure of theirs should not any way touch or affect you then (as some falsely imagine) however it concerns

you now at least, so wisely and worthily to demean your self, and appear one of such a character and credit, that no revolution of time, no forgetfulness of men, no ignorance of any age may ever obliterate or eclipse your Praises.

From the very beginning of those unhappy Disputes, we *Romans* had our sentiments apart, and our wits divided; and the little janglings of thought and affection hurried us at length into several Camps, and armed defiance of each other: Nor is it much to be wondred we should draw different ways, under such puzzling and perplexed circumstances, while things were so much in the dark, and when a controversie arose between two of the most famous Captains in the World.

Many did then deliberate what was absolutely the best, and not a few consider, what was best for themselves; some were demurring on the point of Decency, and others taken up with the Case of Conscience.

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The Republick, in fine, after much struggling, has got her self clear of this so miserable and fatal War, and he prevail'd at last, who would not raise and ruffle his displeasure by success, but rather qualifie and soften it by goodness; nor could he value provocations at such a dreadfull rate, as to mark out all that should offend him either for death or banishment.

The matter is now brought unto this issue, that some have laid down their Arms of their own accord, and others have been forced to surrender them. Whosoever then, being freely discharged from the guilt and peril of former opposition, does still retain hostility in his heart, is highly chargeable with ingratitude and injustice; and I look upon him to be much a better man, who appear'd in the field, and was slain fighting against you, than any one that shall now keep up the quarrel, and spend his last breath in the prosecution of it: for that which is thought mere obstinacy and a stubborn stiffness by some, may pass for brave resolution, and a noble constancy with others.

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But seeing we have been well beaten into some kind of agreement, and all our heats and heart-burnings are now totally extinguished by those temperate and cooling applications of the Victour's kindness, it remains that every one of us, who has either a grain of discretion, or even of common sense, should unanimously agree as to your particular. For unless you, O *Cæsar*, do continue safe, and in the same mind (which as well heretofore, as to day especially you have given proofs of) we are all utterly undone, and must inevitably perish: All of us therefore, who desire the preservation of this Empire, do at once earnestly exhort, and most humbly beseech you to have a care of your Life, and to consult your Safety: And forasmuch as you conceive there is some treachery on foot, and a secret mischief designed you, which requires caution, we all here with one consent (for I presume that of others which I mean my self) do not onely promise to have a watchfull eye, and keep a close guard about your person, but we offer you our own attendance beside, as ready to interpose  
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betwixt you and danger, and even to hazard our lives for your defence and security.

And now to close up all with gratulation, as I took my rise from it, we do all, O *Cæsar*, return you our greatest thanks and acknowledgments, with a reservation of greater still than we are able to express; for all here have the same sentiments, as you might easily perceive by the joint supplications and tears of all: but because it is no way requisite that every one present should make you his single complement, they were extreme desirous that I at least would undertake it in the name of all; who do now ly under some kind of necessity to perform it, because it is both their pleasure I should, and because, upon your restoring *Marcellus* to the Senate, and the People, and the whole State of *Rome*, I find my self particularly concern'd to discharge that duty: for I observe this vouchsafement of yours has given such a publick satisfaction, as if men did not rejoice now at the private deliverance of one person alone, but were transported with joy for their own common safety. If therefore, while there was  
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the least question of his safety, I acted the part of a true friend toward *Marcellus* (as my affection for him was very well known, wherein I scarce yielded to his dear *Caius*, the best natur'd brother in the World, but to no man living besides him) if, I say, that singular kindness of mine did appear then, by the solicitude, and care, and industry I shewed on his behalf, much more, undoubtably, at this time, being newly freed from the weight of those troubles and perplexities, ought I to attest and evidence the good-will I bear him.

Wherefore I leave you, O *Cæsar*, to imagine the deep and lively resentments I feel within me, desiring you would so interpret my thanks, as I understand the favour, which I do to such a degree of obligation, that although you have with all tenderness and respect, not onely preserved my life, but taken care of my honour, yet by this action of yours (a thing which after that I thought wholly impossible) there is an infinite addition made to the many signal engagements you had heap'd upon me.

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A P P E N D I X  
TO THE  
TRANSLATION  
OF

*TULLY's* Panegyrick on *JULIUS CÆSAR*

FOR

His Restauration of *M. MARCELLUS*,

Relating to the

Prince of Orange.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Walter Kettilby*, at the *Bishop's-head*  
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1689.

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FOR  
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Relating to the  
Prince of Orange.

**H**E, who had ventur'd *Cicero* to translate,  
Would needs attempt your deeds to celebrate;  
But when his fancy faded as it wrought  
On that bold task, at length he wisely thought;

This Gratulation put in *English* drefs  
 Might doe the thing perhaps with more success;  
 Since all now justly would apply to you,  
 What once that Speaker made his *Cæsar's* due;  
 Though *Cæsar's* bus'ness it of old did seem  
 All to enslave, while yours is to redeem.  
 If him such thanks the Oratour does give,  
 At most, for letting one *Marcellus* live,  
 How would his raptur'd Language you adore,  
 Who to three Kingdoms a new life restore;  
 And that Peace, Order, Unity, Effect,  
 He from his Master vainly did expect:  
 So that all here was a Prophetick praise,  
 Wrapt darkly up in *Latine* till our days,  
 And its true meaning now in you displays.

That

That then, with our Addresses, he may free,  
 His highborn sence from servile flattery;  
 For Panegyrick, that he may not range,  
 Let him have you for *Julius* in exchange;  
 His matter else his rhetorick will not fit,  
 He wants our subject, and we want his wit,  
 Yours is the likeness though another sit.

Yet after his inimitable hand,  
 Still the resemblance does imperfect stand;  
 To finish and adorn his piece, he drew  
 All that was lovely then, and all he knew;  
 But you such grace add to the Hero's air,  
 And make his character so wondrous fair,  
 That all *Idea's* they could raise of old,  
 The strokes of mast'ry that were counted bold,

And



And all their painting to the life long since,  
 Would now look flat and dead about the Prince.

However had he been preserv'd by fate,  
 To see the marvels of this Eighty eight,  
 And their great Authour to congratulate,  
 He might the weighty Argument sustain,  
 Which we bend under, and support with pain,  
 And when he came to touch, above the rest,  
 That noble part, the sake and interest  
 Of sacred justice, and of truth divine,  
 Which gave the rise and spring to your design,  
 What light'nings would he dart to make it shine?  
 Were he a constancy to represent,  
 Confirm'd by danger and discouragement,  
 Which difficulties and disasters whet,  
 By obstacles and cross winds forward set ;

Then

Then would he proudly in tost's Eloquence swim,  
 Bear up, and strain the cordage of each limb;  
 So would his style engage and force the storm,  
 That you might feel him speak what you perform.

After the Mental, having next survey'd  
 The Naval preparations you had made,  
 Seen what a joyfull terror spoon'd away,  
 All fraughted with deliv'rance for *Torbay*,  
 Here with that tide and torrent he would go,  
 And sails so stretch'd, that you shou'd hardly know  
 Whether as yet you were a shoar, or no:  
 Like your own *Frigats*, this would all along  
 Fire at his Eyes, and thunder in his Tongue.  
 When all was ready for a fair descent,  
 He would, like *Archimedes*, ways invent,

How,

How by once setting foot on *English* ground,  
 You the whole Land should move, and turn it round.  
 As against publick force the Orbs above  
 Wheel by the byass of a private love ;  
 As Loadstones Iron, as Jet and Amber Straw,  
 Things different with like fondness to 'em draw,  
 You should light hearts, and heavy steel attract,  
 By virtue of the Cause for which you act.  
 With *Langston*, *Cornbury*, starting for the race,  
 Our eager Troops should gallop on apace,  
 Not Enemies to wound, but Friends embrace :  
 And your slow march should more retarded be  
 By crouds, which their Preserver came to see,  
 Then Western passages, or fallen rains,  
 Or the redoubted Camp on *Salisbury* Plains.

His Oratory, where the cause did fail,  
 Should over Zeal and Hatred so prevail,  
 So Wildness, Rage, and every passion charm,  
 That *Teague* himself would scarce intend you harm.  
 Thus would he lead along your peacefull course,  
 Not stopp'd but guarded by our armed Force.

The War begins not till you come to Town,  
 And chiefly there attacks the treach'rous Gown.  
 Then all his powers had muster'd to invade  
 Such as their Faith, or Countrey had betraid:  
*Wem, Sunderland, and Talgol*, should have been,  
 His *Clodius, Antony, and Catalin*;  
 Those Criminals and Felons of the Bench,  
 Who the strong Bars of liberty did wrench,  
 With that forg'd Engine of Dispensing Power,  
 (Which, feeding them, did all beside devour)  
 B He

He to the Bar of *Æacus* would Cite,  
 That for themselves, at least, they might have right:  
 Or Old Law-givers Ghosts would make appear,  
 To terrify our New Law-sellers here.

Ratling the *Magna Charta*, they should come,  
 As dreadfull as *Mompesson's* midnight drum.

Among the Jugglers, struck with that surprise  
*Penn* should his Hat pull off, and all disguise,  
 And quake in earnest, when he saw 'em rise. }

Proud *Hales*, that Lawfull things abhor'd so much,  
 As to leave Church, and Wife, for being such,  
 Pale at the sight, should cry like *Balaam's* Afs,  
 My *Obadiab* no true Prophet was.

Where's now the Tow'r? the Babel we had built,  
 To raise our name, and to secure our guilt.

A noise of Truth, Sense, Justice, fills the Land,  
 Strange words our daubers do not understand,  
 But sneak away with Trowels in their hand.  
 Then regulating Vermine would, like Moles,  
 Or tim'rous Conies, creep into their holes,  
 But should no shelter, or protection find  
 Within the Burroughs they had undermin'd.  
 Despair, Amazement, Horrour, he would bring,  
 Bombs, Furies, Vipers, among Villains fling,  
 Their Breasts to tear, and Consciences to sting.  
 At Axes, and at Halters, they might smile,  
 Whose quick dispatches Justice do beguile,  
 But should his Charge, which ever will be read,  
 His lashing of their Memory, when dead,  
 As an eternal Execution dread.

And when these wretches had receiv'd their doom,  
 His Flow'rs and Ornaments he would resume;  
 To you return all pompous, and all gay,  
 Who *Hydra's*, which the Realm envenom, slay;  
 He should you term our *Hercules*, who fight  
 With Monsters, and a *Juno's* deadly spite;  
 Who, *Atlas* being withdrawn, approach the Court,  
 Which first a Heav'n you make, and then support.  
 How would his Genius here, and Skill combine!  
 Strong mix with sweet, and forcible with fine;  
 The pow'rs of Nature, and the rules of Art,  
 Should be employ'd, and work in every part.  
 His Reaches, Figures, Beauties, all come forth,  
 To shape an Image which might hold your worth;  
 All that is Great, Good, Blessed, Excellent,  
 Should in one single Character be spent;

And.



And melted, like *Corinthian* metal, take  
 The sacred form that would your Statue make.  
 Since for our rescue, you did means provide,  
 None else could use, durst offer at beside;  
 Whatever none could say, or think, but he;  
 That, to your Highness, should appropriate be;  
 You, the rich Thanks, full Elogy, should have,  
 (Who better things, and with more brav'ry save) }  
 Which, to himself the gratefull Consul gave. }  
 And when our last acknowledgments were over,  
 He would attend you with his Vows to *Dover*,  
 Wishing that *France* may find you in the end,  
 Just such a Foe, as *England* has a Friend.

For though you have already more Atchiev'd,  
 Than will in after Ages be believ'd,

Tho

Thô all admire, some envie, we applaud,  
 That Courage which has *Rome*, and *Cæsar* aw'd;  
 Yet neither you, nor we, can rest content,  
 With our own Safety, Ease, and Settlement;  
 These goods must scatter like the vital Air,  
 And with our Isle, the Continent must share;  
 As the World's light from *Delos* took his birth,  
 Then suddenly illustrated the Earth.

Others to you appeal, your Arms invite,  
 In Worthies all the injur'd have a right.  
 For greater things you seem by Heav'n design'd,  
 With that Just, Active, Universal Mind, (hind, {  
 Which thinks nought done, when there is more be- {  
 While there are any that oppress Mankind.

You

You carry, Sir, a double conqu'ring Name,  
 And to each part you owe its proper fame;  
 The *William* has been satisfy'd, 'tis true,  
 Whenas your kind Invasion did subdue;  
 But *Henry* calls your late succesfull hand  
 To plant fresh Laurels on a neighbouring Land;  
 And that the Prince may with good Omens march,  
 There stands by *Orange* a triumphal Arch:  
*Marius* the brave did that erect, and you,  
 Both by the Spirit Masculine you shew,  
 And by your Female half are *Marius* too.

Beside, we Bards, the wonder of this Age,  
 And you, discry in old poetick rage;  
 Behold the lab'ring *Sibyl* how she heaves,  
 Plucks from a golden bough her sweet green leaves,

To

To which she does commit this unripe sense,  
Of a mysterious distant Providence.

Another young *Augustus* I espy,  
Arising from the womb of Destiny ;  
In whose triumphant and auspicious Reign  
The great *Messiah* shall be born again ;  
Live he, and truth, for ever then in spite  
Of miter'd subtilty and crowned might ;  
Though blust'ring *Herod*, and the cross High-priest,  
Should, for their ruine, be together piec'd ;  
But while vain Franchises set them at odds,  
This gen'rous youth shall from their slavish rods  
Set Nations free, and from their knavish gods. }

The *Druids* too have wrote in fatal Oak,  
Of one should break the *European* yoke,

Con-

Confine the Lillies that abroad do roam,  
 And for their living make 'em spin at home.  
 That fatal Oak was split, but since it meets  
 Now by conjunction of the *D. E.* Fleets,  
 This Oracle is plain to every sight,  
 And *Lewis* scares, being read in open light,  
 As *Mene Tekel* did *Belshazzar* fright.

Nay their *Pucelle*, and famous *Nostradame*,  
 Have strange inspir'd Sayings much the same ;  
 Obscure at first, but late events of time  
 Interpret all the riddlings of their rhyme.

When the *Welch* Mountains lie-in of a Mouse,  
 Which, with old Rats, shall quit the falling House;  
 When *Albion's* Sun arises in the West,  
 And Wolves to suckle *Romulus* are prest ;

C

When

When *Pais Bas* shall be no longer low,  
 When *Britain* shall be won without a foe,  
 Let *Gallia* then beware a Mortal blow.

Whene'er a Tree, whose fruit the Dragon keeps,  
 (And that keeps him from any quiet sleeps)  
 Shall to the Wood give wings, and with it fly,  
 Where *Neptune*, that sure Protestant Allie,  
 The Union spoils of Cousin *L.* and *J.*  
 Dragon, look to't, there's something in the wind  
 Worse than the *Fistula* in your Tail behind.

*Louis Le Grand*, that is the monstrous Cheat,  
 Who has so long, so falsely past for great,  
 You must detect, and prove him counterfeit.  
 Whose onely fighting metal is his Gold,  
 And Victories, Towns, or Princes basely sold;  
 The

The Hardship, Hazard, Strefs of real War;  
 Are things he onely hears of from afar ;  
 But if there has been trucking, or the like,  
 He comes, his bargain, not his foe to strike.  
 Whose faith is fraud, and his most Christian works,  
 Advice, and Bribes, and Succour to the *Turks* :  
 Thy Ediēt, *Nants*, now Interdiēt, that shows,  
 This the betray'd, attackt *Vienna* knows.  
 He always has pretensions on the weak,  
 As bound all Covenants with them to break ;  
 The Gordian knot of Articles in words,  
 If not by tricks unty'd, is cut by Swords.  
 His thoughts are troubled, and his rest does cease,  
 While Neighbours quiet, or the World has peace ;  
 Nor Harp, nor Tabor can remove his fits,  
 Then *Saul* complains in Council as he sits.



No falshood? no perfidious part to play?  
 No mischief done? Friends, we have lost the day.  
 O scandalous! how people live at ease!  
 Go, let a Fever upon *Europe* seize,  
 It is the onely cure for my disease.  
 There let each paroxysm have its turn,  
 The Peasant tremble, and the Village burn:  
 What an indignity! when I am near,  
 For any to be safe, or without fear:  
 This horrid insolence I must chastise,  
 Wherein the highest provocation lies,  
 Who thinks himself secure, does me despise.  
 As if the Majesty of *Nost' Plaisir*  
 Could be ty'd up by Truce till such a year,  
 As if I were not able to subvert  
 What paltry States and Lordlings make so pert;

Or.

Or else I would not, with fierce *Ottoman*,  
 Render as many wretched as I can:  
 When, save my self, 'tis my great blis and pride  
 To see no happy, or proud thing beside,  
 The wings we clipp'd are grown, behold! how soon  
 That Eagle mounts, and soars above the Moon;  
 Let him be humbled to the state before,  
 Untill the Crescent has new horns to gore.  
 Against the *Palatine* our Troops employ,  
 A petty right, not mine, he does enjoy,  
 Nor were it worth the while him to annoy,  
 But for that royal pleasure to destroy.  
 Then *Furstenburg* the Traitour, but our Slave,  
 Does to weak titles strong protection crave,  
 Bid *Baviere*, Pope, Emperour, begone,  
 For those three Kings of *Cologne*, I'll make one.

Let

Let *Humieres* make haste the *Dutch* to plague,  
 And fetch their *Hannibal* to defend his *Hague*;  
 By Cannons on the *Rhine* my will rehearse,  
 That the confed'rate Rabble should disperse,  
 Tell the old *Jethro*, that is grown a Child,  
 Squabbling for toys, if he'd be reconcil'd,  
 Now is his time, or else to all intents  
 He'll find a *Herod* for the Innocents.  
 The *English* above all my patience urge,  
 Those Hereticks with Scorpions I would scourge,  
 But, since the Sea won't let me thither skip,  
 That, in their stead, like *Xerxes*, I must whip.  
 If there be more, as yet not over-run,  
 Let 'em together meet and be undone;  
 Defiance we to all at once declare,  
 And bait, for pasture, the whole Northern Bear.

It was too mean to deal in Contributions,  
 And little military Executions;  
*Banditi, Tory's*, Highway-men live thus,  
 There are more stately mischiefs left for us;  
 Great and small villany has a diff'rent vogue,  
 That constitutes a *Lewis*, this a Rogue.  
 For slighter evils, and for partial woes,  
 For piece-meal havock upon single foes, (thrown,  
 When Countries, Kings, Worlds, should be over-  
 Now, by their total ruine, I'll attone;  
 Pardon me, Soverign Honour, that so late  
 This Victim to thy Shrine I consecrate.

So spake the *Lucifer* of *France*, and fell  
 With armed Fiends streight to enlarge his hell;

For thralldom, suff'ring, want, despair and grief,  
 And desolation reign where he is chief.  
 From Antichrist let *Nero's* name be freed,  
 Here's an Heroick *Beelzebub* indeed ;  
 Who having Cities, Bloud, and Treasure wrung,  
 Then causes a *Se Deum* to be sung :  
 Of all destructive Pow'rs, the Earth scarce had one,  
 Like this strange King *Apollyon* and *Abaddon*.  
 New Tyrants less'ning still their rights and wealth,  
 A *Syracusan* Dame wish'd *Denys* health,  
 A Successour more rav'nous to prevent,  
 But now might save her witty Complement ;  
 The present *Denys* cannot leave a worse,  
 T' improve Oppression and the publick Curse.

St. *Denys*

St. *Denys* did not supererogate  
 So much in works of love, as he of late  
 In mortal crimes, and more than mortal hate.  
 His needless slaughters, and superfluous wast,  
 Oaths, Temples, Consciences by him defac't,  
 His uncommanded frankness to infect,  
 Ills done, no other *Satan* could suggest,  
 With a vast treasure of such vile demerits,  
 Might serve to damn an host of blessed spirits.

Yet for such feats as these his frantick crown,  
 Is blown with bubbled thoughts of high renown;  
 And all are charg'd who write his huffing Story,  
 To hoop it well, for fear it burst with glory;  
 Glory, the *La Valiere*, that does cajoll,  
 And tickle the lewd passions of his Soul;

D

That

That glory you shall make the chafteft Nun,  
 And veil her from the rapes of this hot Sun.  
 If he has Deeds to bring of any fort,  
 That ever were enroll'd in Honour's Court,  
 Let him his Proofs alledg, his Claims produce,  
 His Services attelt, and shew his Use;  
 We'll set the fair Particulars to account,  
 See to what summe of glory they amount;  
 As yet, he seems to have obliged men,  
 As Earthquakes *Naples*, and Seas *Groningen*.  
 If Glory be a large, illustrious Fame,  
 That spreads and recommends a worthy Name,  
 For great and numerous obligations laid  
 On our own first, thence to the World convey'd;  
 Then, *Monsieur* has not onely torn away  
 Your Principality, as lawfull prey,

But



But robs you too, if glorious he would be,  
 Of your best right, and dearest property;  
 Though that of your revenue is a part,  
 He cannot strain by force, or steal by art,  
 Till he can storm the mind, or win the heart.  
 All Votes, and Nature's everlasting Laws,  
 Have settled his reproach, and your applause,  
 A Fortune this you legally inherit  
 By ancient Records of your House's merit;  
 The Title (and such Titles sure are good)  
 Runs from the first conveyance of your blood,  
 Which clear, and undisputed still has stood.  
 No interruption, failure, crack, or flaw,  
 Is in the Line, or Claim of Great *Nassau*:  
 A Name belov'd and reverenc'd by all,  
 Which their delight and blessing men do call;

Whose Honour to proclaim the World agrees,  
 In solemn Judgments, and by firm Decrees:  
 A Family our Kings so much respect,  
 And which the Royal Virgins so affect.  
 That, till their suit is heard, and they obtain,  
 All other Princes court, and sigh in vain :  
 Happy Pretenders still, and richly sped ;  
 With *England's* Daughters, who the Nation wed ;  
 Of their repute, of them we are so fond,  
 Our hearts are twisted in the Nuptial bond.

What could be wish'd a person more to grace,  
 Than to be sprung of that Renowned Race ?  
 And should nought else your Ancestors commend,  
 It were enough that you from them descend,  
 So each their mutual illustrations lend.

For

For to old deeds in former Ages shown,  
 You add authentick Ev'dence of your own;  
 The sparkling History of your Life is it,  
 An instrument so fresh, so fairly writ,  
 So well attested to our present sense,  
 He must be blind that questions your pretence.  
 That glitt'ring of your Predecessours praise,  
 The tracks of light which shone about their ways,  
 Yield to the rising of your stronger rays.  
 Th' entail'd estate of glory you derive,  
 As your self grew, prodigiously did thrive;  
 And Providence your labour so does bless,  
 The heritage, is, than the purchase, less.  
 The Bank of fame does with your stock so teem,  
 You might, by your sole vertue and esteem,  
 The age from Vice and Infamy redeem.

But

But though your actions give a real draught,  
 Of what before was but describ'd by thought,  
 Though fancy'd excellencies all prove true,  
 The *Cyrus* and the *Trajan* breath in you ;  
 Yet when your minds on this dear Object fix,  
 Grief does with joy, and pain with pleasure mix ;  
 For qualities, which should immortal be,  
 Lodg'd in one breast, and mortal that we see:  
 Truth, Wisdom, Goodness, with our frailty join'd,  
 A godlike shape on earthly matter coin'd ;  
 These put our twins of passion at a strife,  
 Divine perfections, but a humane life:  
 We hope, we fear, we are, and are not pleas'd,  
 We have enough, yet the desire not eas'd :  
 From past mishaps, much love and great concern,  
 The worst of chance to apprehend, we learn ;

When

When we count farthest, and the best suppose,  
 A coming period, and a final close,  
 The present sense of our enjoyments doze.

'Tis an allay to all the *Phrygian* joy,  
 That *Hector* onely is the prop of *Troy*.

When you have spent your glorious days, and ly  
 Embalm'd in aromatick memory ;

Who shall the Rights of Christendom secure ?  
 Or make the benefits you leave endure ?

Where's he that can to such a pattern stretch ?  
 And you to life by imitation fetch ?

That worthiness may not decline, and fall  
 From the rais'd pitch of your Original :

Heav'n did not sure its care and cost bestow,  
 In polishing a bright Example so,

That

That things, which our capacity transcend,  
 Should both begin with you, and have an end :  
 As a new Star a while is seen to blaze,  
 And then forsake beholders as they gaze.  
 These miracles of Nature, and of Grace,  
 Were not intended for a little space;  
 Short happiness is but a lightsome trance,  
 Experiment, without continuance,  
 Of bliss it self, does misery enhance.  
 But you our appetites have set on edge,  
 Not as a taste, but as of more a pledge;  
 More like your self, close causes are agreed  
 And, when we little think, the chosen seed  
 Invisible posterity does breed.

The world will want 'em, and there must be some,  
 (Though *Isaac's* may be long before they come)  
 To take the copy, and to fill your room.

This is lock'd up as yet in dark reserve,  
 That we such grace may study to deserve;  
 As the last favour this, the sole, the great,  
 Must your and our felicity complete:

This we believe, and beg; now faith and pray'rs,  
 (So with the trusting, and devout it fares)  
 Are of known vertue for producing Heirs:

A starry Off-spring, that may rise in throngs,  
 And happily revenge their Grandfires wrongs;

That as you have your Fathers, in a run  
 Of Nobleness and Gallantry, out done,  
 So you may be, by many and many a Son.

F I N I S.



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*Books Printed for Walter Kettilby, at the Bishop's-  
Head in St. Paul's Church-yard.*

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